

don't listen to me, i'm fucking crazy by orphan_account

Series: [girl's get angry too. \[1\]](#)

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Summary:

It seems to be a running theme of kids going missing in the forest. But when Max returns, she isn't the same.

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also known as 'Max Is A Vamp And Lucas Is Scared'

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Author's Note:

a note for people reading!!
from where i am (UK) the age of consent here is sixteen. i know it's different in different countries. i will not include anything beyond making out, i don't think, but if i do i will tag it.
i thought it was sort of cool for max to have something to rival el in the way of powers. plus, vampires are fucking cooooooooool
thanks for reading!

Max stormed angrily through the darkened forest, her lip and nose bleeding from another formal meeting with Billy's fist and her sarcastic mouth. Her amber waves flowed behind her, practically flying in her trail as she ran through Mirkwood. She wanted to find Lucas, stay at his the night.

The seventeen-year-old stopped in her tracks when she heard a crunch of the autumn leaves scattered on the forest floor. She turned around, eyes scanning her surroundings.

"Billy? If that's you I swear to fucking god." She snarled, knowing she heard something.

Another step was taken by the stranger, as they emerged from the darkness.

"Excuse me?" Max asked, starting to get irritated. The man seemed to be around twenty feet away, consumed in the dark as she could just about make out a silhouette.

"Dude, what the fuck is your problem? That's sorta weird-"
Suddenly, he was right in front of her.

Max jolted in shock, *because what the fuck he was literally just there how is he suddenly this close?????*

The man seemed to look around Billy's age. He was lean and pretty tall, towering over the redhead. His hair was curly, like Mike's, but far darker in a black colour that shimmered under the moonlight and contrasted with his pale skin, even paler than hers. His eyes were red, blood red-

Wait, *w h a t*.

Blood red eyes dazed into her's, and suddenly she couldn't breathe.

He was everywhere and nowhere.

Then, she felt it.

Two sharp objects piercing her skin.

Max yelped out in pain, body jolting before going completely limp in the stranger's grip. The pain seared through her lungs like fire and gasoline combined, through her blood and through her brain. White hot anguish felt as if it flowed through her veins, squirming and gasping mutely as she attempted to get away.

Then it was over, and she fell to the ground.

Max's hand flew up to grasp her neck, clutching it as blood coated her whiter-than-usual hand. Her eyes widened, looking around desperately to try and find the man who'd left her there

"Help me. *Please!*" She screamed, tears falling as she started to

practically attack her bloody hand.

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Lucas excused himself from the dinner table, sighing as he hopped up the stairs and walked towards his room. The sound of his baby sister and mother bickering in the kitchen over her allowance becomign something he was accustomed to as Erica grew up. He shut his door behind him, stopping in his tracks when he heard the '*click*' of the lock that he hadn't locked whatsoever.

There, leaned against the wall behind the door, was Max.

But she didn't look like Max.

Lucas stared, gobsmacked.

In her usual clothing, a hoodie and jeans, but she looked entirely new.

Her long red hair was straight, flowing over her shoulder elegently. Max's cheekbones and freckles stood prominent on her paler face, her cyan eyes practically *glowing*.

"Luke, you need to help me." She whispered desperately, reaching her hand out for him. Max looked terrified, and he could tell straight away.

"Hey, what happened?" He asked, rushing to her and holding her tight. When she pushed herself away, Lucas pretended not to be hurt.

"No, seriously, I can't do that." Her speech was slightly muffled, slurred. Not as if she was drunk, as if she had something in her mouth.

Then he saw it.

Max smiled widely, showcasing the sharp canine teeth she had acquired in the past hour or so. Lucas's jaw dropped open in confusion.

"Vampire fangs? I know it's October, but it's not Halloween yet." He pointed out, making Max groan.

In her annoyance, she tugged the zipper to her high-neck jacket down and threw it off. There on her neck was a huge bruise, along with two sharp cuts in the flesh with dried blood all around it.

"I got caught- in the woods, this guy bit me and now my head feels really weird and I don't have a pulse." She said really quickly.

But he looked **mad**.

"Who the fuck did this?" He asked angrily, his eyebrows furrowed as his finger traced over the bruise. Of course, over the past three years Max had known that her boyfriend was incredibly protective and got jealous very easily. It was the same for a lot of guys with girl's they'd met during the end of the world.

Max snarled at him, teeth bared as her eyes flashed entirely black. Lucas gasped, falling back in shock and fear.

"Holy fuck, you're a vampire."

"No shit, Sherlock."